

THE STAR FOR THE SUMMER.
The DAILY STAR will be mailed to persons who may be absent from the city during the summer at the rate of fifty cents per month.

The attempt to abolish the custom of wearing mourning in memory of the dead, which has so many times been agitated in various ways in this country, is now taking practical shape in England.

BECAUSE the late President of the Ex-Confederacy has been invited to deliver the opening address at an Illinois county fair, the Chicago papers have taken to abusing him in their happiest vein. One of them has gone so far as to call him a "Diaphragm."

The spot where the Winnebago County Fair Association invited Mr. Jefferson Davis to deliver an address, is said to be but a few hundred yards from where the house stood in which Mr. Davis was married to a daughter of General Taylor, then postcommander at Prairie du Chien. This is mentioned as the first romance in the remarkable career of Mr. Davis, and the only one that attaches to matter of fact Prairie du Chien.

Just now the highest authorities in England are trying to decide whether there is or is not a personal devil. Rev. Mr. Jenkins expressed the opinion that the Satanical Majesty was a mere myth, and on being taken to task for such an expression and tried for heresy, the triumph was on the side of the devil. After sundry appeals the case is now before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and much of a row they are saving of it.

POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.

The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, in disposing of the report of its delegates to the late meeting of the National Board of Trade, will pass upon the question of a recommendation to Congress in favor of or against postal telegraphy. This is a subject of great importance to the commercial community, for, as the report very properly says, the telegraph is to the business man of today what the mail was fifty years ago. Whether this great interest involving as it does so much for every man who has a business of any magnitude, no matter of what kind, is entitled to any protection at the hands of the Government or not, is a question well worthy of the most careful consideration the members of our Chamber can give it. There are but two objections that can be urged against postal telegraphy. First, That it would be Government interference in a private business; and second, that the Government could not so manage the telegraph lines as to make the system a success. Would it be an interference in a private business? It is one of the duties of Government to afford the most complete protection to all the legitimate business interests of its people. To do this it must see that no classes are unnecessarily oppressed by the centralization of undue power in the hands of a few men.

Much has been said about the monopoly of the railroads; and lawyers, who rank among the ablest jurists of the country, have advocated the right of the Government to purchase all railroads, and make them national highways, giving to the companies the right to run their cars over them under restrictions prescribed by law. Yet there is not and never can be half the danger from a centralization of railroad power as that which now threatens from the consolidation of the existing telegraph lines. The tendency of railroads is to multiply, while that of the telegraph is to consolidate. One of the leading capitalists of the country has nearly, if not completely, control of both the telegraph lines, and the change of a few shares of stock would any day put it into the hands of Jay Gould to dictate telegraphic rates to every business man in the country, and exercise a kind of censorship over all telegraphic correspondence. Clearly it is not the right of any man or corporation to hold such power over all the business affairs of its associates.

But there is another ground on which the system of postal telegraphy appeals to our consideration with even greater force. Governments have assumed the power of managing all postal facilities. Whether this is right, or the matter of carrying letters from place to place should be entrusted to Express Companies and other public arrangements, is not now a question. Governments do and will continue to manage these matters, and a movement to make a change in this particular would receive but a poor backing. This being the case, it is the duty of the Government to perform this service in the most speedy and best manner possible. When our Post-office Department was organized the saddle-bags and stage coach was the best means at the command of the authorities for transmitting the people's communications. When steamboats came into use they were made available, and as fast as railroads superseded the stage-coach the Government made them the means of transmitting the messages entrusted to its care. And now that the telegraph as a means of communication has superseded the railroad it is the duty of the Government to adopt it.

What would people have said if the Post-office Department had continued to send letters by stage coach after the railroads were in successful operation, and they could have been sent in one-half of the time? Yet there is the same reason for complaint now if the Government continues to afford no more speedy method of transmitting intelligence than by railroad when it

has the power to give us communication by telegraph. Evidently now that the Government has vested itself with the right to transmit mail matter, it is its duty to give the people the most rapid means of communication that the progress of events and the developments of science place within the range of possibility. Failing to do this the Government is not faithful to the execution of a great interest which it has undertaken to protect.

The only real argument against postal telegraphy is made by those who hold that the Post-office Department should be abolished and the matter of carrying the mails performed by private companies, as the express business is now done. As impractical as these men are they have the advantage of consistency, for there has not been made a single argument against the postal telegraph that can not be applied with equal force against the system of postal arrangements as now in operation.

As to the question of whether the Government could successfully manage the telegraph lines, every practical man will have his own opinion. There does not seem to be any difficulty in this that is not encountered in the present postal system. The Government would have the same talent to select from that the telegraph companies have, and there does not appear any good reason why the telegraphic branch should not be as well managed as any other branch of the Post-office Department. But whether it could be made a paying institution from the first or not, it is the duty of the Government to adopt it. The interests of the existing corporations has kept us behind the rest of the world in this matter long enough, and a mere question of whether it will pay from the first is not even a consideration worth discussing.

Announcements.

Owing to the flattering success of the past week, the Emersons have decided to remain at the Grand Opera-house until the middle of this week. There will be an entire change of programme this evening, the "Three Orphans" being revived by special request; the olio being refreshed with new songs by Tilla, Russell and Waz; Makin and Wilson's appearing in new songs and dances—in short, all the old favorites in new parts. Do not fail to see them.

THE GRAND CENTRAL.—This new and elegant little vaudeville theatre will throw open its doors and make its first bow to the public this evening. This is one of the handsomest and best arranged theaters of its kind in this part of the country, and the programme for this evening is rich with the names of such celebrities as Harry MacCarthy, Louise Estelle, Minnie Gray, and the Ethiopian comedian B. C. Hart.

Court Callings.

In the case of Schmaude against Henrietta Rider, mentioned a few days ago, the jury disagreed and were discharged. A petition was filed in the Common Pleas Court by the administrator of George Klein for \$10,000 damages caused by defendant permitting coal to fall upon Klein with fatal effect. The particulars were published at the time. The coal was being hoisted up into the Carlsberg Building, in the rear of Duane's store, when some of it fell and caused the death of Klein.

The following case was entered in the Superior Court:
31,903—Simpson Horner et al. vs. Jas. T. Williamson et al.

The following were entered in Common Pleas:

46,700—Travis Carter & Co. vs. Sibby Browner.

46,800—Margaret Hammond vs. Jas. F. Hammond et al.

46,801—Ed. Rogers et al. vs. A. H. Stein et al.

46,802—Clemens Holten vs. Fred. Thorbeck.

46,803—John P. Story vs. Jacob Story.

46,804—Geo. T. Harrison vs. H. M. Werning et al.

46,805—Louis A. Roth vs. A. Eberhardt et al.

46,806—American Caster Company vs. Peter Russell et al.

46,807—Wm. Kuhlmann vs. Herman Ruescher.

46,808—Administrator of Geo. Klein vs. J. C. Dueter.

46,809—Jacob Rupp vs. Charles Rupp et al.

46,811—Wm. Mingers et al. vs. Henry Ahlers et al.

A motion to dismiss an injunction restraining the East and West End Railroad Company from laying their track on Eighth street to Baymiller, and thence on Baymiller to Liberty, is being heard before Judge Tilden in the Superior Court. F. Moore, City Solicitor, is the plaintiff in the action, who sues for an injunction.

The Missing Editor.

The editorial excursionists arrived at the Grand Hotel about midnight Saturday, where they were received and welcomed by Mayor Johnston and Alderman D. J. Mulcahy. The party, as registered at the Grand, are as follows:
J. L. Power, manager of excursion; Miss Lizzie J. Wilkinson, Jackson Clarion.

A. N. Kimball, Jackson Pilot.

F. T. Cooper, Meridian Gazette.

A. G. Mayers, Miss Mary Mayers, Newton Ledger.

A. J. Frantz, Miss Sallie P. McLaurin, Brandon Republican.

N. K. Mayers, Handsboro Democrat.

P. E. Beatty, J. D. Cotton, Summit Sentinel.

S. H. Stackhouse, Hazlehurst Copehagen.

A. Hunter, wife and son, Crystal Springs Monitor.

Rev. W. K. Douglas, D. D., Diocesan Record.

Edgar West, McComb City Intelligencer.

Emmet L. Ross, Canton Mail.

O. H. Bradley, Yazoo City Herald.

H. D. Money, President Press Association, Winona Advance.

C. M. Erwin and wife, Winona Pioneer.

A. J. Signe, Grenada Sentinel.

H. M. Sullivan and Miss Lullie Sullivan, Oxford Falcon.

John C. Hall, Carthagenian.

Kinloch Falconer and Miss Sadie Topp, Holly Springs South.

John Caloon and Miss Lucy Lea, Holly Springs Reporter.

Heber Craft and Miss Fannie Fort, Benton County Argus.

Frank Burkitt, Chickasaw Messenger.

James H. Hower, honorary member and editor Oxford Falcon, and Miss Sallie L. Hower.

The visitors were shown all the points of interest in and about our city, including the Suspension bridge, the Look-out House, and a display of the Fire Department. The party will leave tonight for Lake Chautauque and Niagara Falls, and thence home via Louisville, Mammoth Cave and Nashville.

THE YELLOW-HAMMER'S NEST.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest high in the elm-tree over our front door. All the long day, upon his task intent, backward and forward busily he went.

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds that birds weave for little birds' nests; Now his of grass, now bits of ragged string, And now some quiver, drier sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come in search of stuff to build his pretty home, We dropped one day a lock of golden hair Which our own dear darling easily would spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed A lock that had the sleeping shoulders graced Or curly tresses when they were all arow.

Then thrice the yellow-hammer's work space; Heads of times he sought the nest's place; Wherever he thought his bird-fashion dim, Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared; The nest was finished, and the bird was reared; And then there came a pleasant summer's day When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ever long, in triumph, from its leafy height, We bore the nest so wonderfully light, And saw how prettily the white and gold Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came Chattering over the orchards with their pallid flame, Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare A thing as wrought of white and golden hair!

And so more dear than ever is the nest Of the yellow-hammer, over our front crest, Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare A thing as wrought of white and golden hair!

—From Harper's Magazine for September.

MADAME DUBOIS.

"How do you like these photographs, Carl?" "They're lovely! But there's an old look about the hair that I don't understand. What is it?"

"Why that's powder. You certainly have seen me with my hair so."

"But never in a photograph. I like to see you as you are, not as you are one of these, darling?"

"Oh, yes. Take one for yourself and another for your sister. I promised her one long ago, and would rather you sent it."

Acting on this permission, I took two photographs, laying one between the leaves of my note-book and slipping the other into my breast-pocket, to be transferred to my album on the first opportunity.

"By-the-way, Carl," said Maude, "has Mrs. Ellis heard anything more of her diamond ring?"

"No, nothing satisfactory; but it was undoubtedly stolen, and I am going to place the matter in the hands of the police for their great trouble about it, as the ring was her husband's last gift before his death."

"I do hope she may recover it." "I hope so, too. But I was forgetting to tell you, Maude, that Mrs. Ellis is going to Wildbad to-morrow, and I have promised to escort her there and see her comfortably installed in a good hotel."

"Just time will you return?" "One morning, however, but quite late."

"Then you will not be here in time to go with us to the concert to-morrow evening. I'm sorry for that."

"I'm heartily sorry, too, Maude. If there was any way of giving up this trip to Wildbad—"

"Oh, I would not have you change your plans. I'm sure you will do very well—"

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"Oh, how kind of you Carl, to take all this trouble! I shall be always grateful to you, whether you succeed or not."

"We will succeed, unless this woman has cleared out altogether from this part of the country," said I, as I replaced the photograph in my note-book.

Early the following morning a detective appeared for orders. As I was still in my bed, he was shown to my room, and I hastily gave him his instructions.

To save trouble, I told him to take Madame Dubois' photograph from my note-book on the writing-desk.

"It's lying loosely between the leaves, and is the only one there, so you can't mistake," said I. "And now go. Spare no trouble or expense in this matter. Wait for your name."

"Miller," answered the man. He then left the room, and I turned over for another nap, feeling just then profoundly indifferent as to his success or failure.

"It is an extra concert at the Kur-saal this evening, mamma, and the people will be more than usual for it. What shall I wear? I'm so tired of those everlasting three best dresses."

"I suggest, Maude, that you wear your white embroidered muslin, with that black lace shawl draped over it. Then remedy the lack of color by some of those red camellias in your hair."

"Oh, yes, that is the dress I wore when those 'washing machine' photographs were taken, which Carl admires so much. I will powder my hair, too, as it was then."

Maude followed her mother's advice in the matter of her toilet, and as the two ladies mingled with the brilliant throng in the concert-room that evening, many was the whispered word of admiration cast forth by her grace and loveliness.

"Just as you like, Carl," said Maude, "I like to see you as you are, not as you are one of these, darling?"

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GOSSIP.

There were 14,208,000 postal cards issued in July.

The English queen is already the grandmother of twenty children.

Lacking judgment, a man can not be a good writer by having a fine imagination.

From the hills to seacoast comes the cry, shiveringly, "Send us all our thick blankets."

The World's traveling correspondent writes that watering place coffee is a base Mocha-rye.

A man gets whatever he enjoys in this world by luck and by skill, and nothing particularly because he deserves it.

"The gospel pounders" is what the Virginia, Nevada Chronicle calls Moody and Sankey. Nevada always was a wicked country.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

"Gardening for ladies" is all very well, but the dears are more inclined to agriculture than horticulture, on account of a partiality for husbandry.

"When you have a good thing keep it." This motto was invented for the benefit of gentlemen who have seats in crowded street-cars. —Inter-Ocean.

Vassar girls, with a view of combining amusement and economy, propose having a "washing machine" for the amusement of the next term of college.

"There is an easier feeling in shoes," said the market reporter, as he wrenched out of a pair of narrow eight boots and stuck his feet into his old ten brogans.

Charles Lamb was a "good smoker." Maudslayi once heard him say that he hoped to draw his last breath through a pipe full of tobacco and exhale it in a pun.

A warrant was issued to-day, in the Treasury, for one cent, the same being necessary for the proper adjustment of an army officer's account. —Washington Critic.

Young ladies who receive the degree of A. B. have a decided advantage over the young gentlemen. We know one who was A. B. less than a year from her graduation.

A newspaper subscription agent was foiled by the sententious remark of a ruralist that he had "one newspaper now that's quite sufficient," meaning his marriage certificate.

The Keely motor is not a promoter of compliments to the inventor. A Western editor says he is a more outrageous fraud than Weston, the walkist—as if that were possible!

Salvini is pleased to observe that American girls are well educated. The distinguished Italian is right. American girls seldom are bad English, except when they want to swear.

"O, mothers," said a philanthropist, "hush out the soft, tender, genial side of your boy's nature." The advice is unnecessary. Any woman knows how to apply a slipper in a feeling manner.

"Burning incense, Mr. Brown?" said Mrs. Farrington, as she passed Brown in the act of lighting his post-prandial cigar. "No, ma'am," said the practical Brown, "I am burning twenty cents."

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the consummation of the nineteenth century; woman is the consummation of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her; but we'll never give her up. No, never.

"The best evidence," says the Tribune, of an anonymous correspondent, "of the worthlessness of his opinions is that he declines to be responsible for them." Well said; there's the whole story in a nutshell.

Only 150 copies out of the 25,000 printed of Napoleon III's life of Cesar have been sold, and the publishers have brought suit against the Ex-Emperor and Prince Imperial for the sum of 175,000 francs damages.

When Charlotte Cushman sees any intruder on her lawn at Newport she sings on the Meg Merrilies style, "Go get your fumes in language that causes them to take to their heels and call upon the hills to fall on them."

There are over 1,700 varieties of apples known by over 1,800 names, 2,300 of pears, 200 of cherries, 150 of plums, 200 of our native grapes, 50 of cantaloupes, 30 of raspberries, and 30 of blackberries, according to a counting up of somebody.

"As to being convicted with the guilt," said Mrs. Farrington, "high living don't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been ill so long with his liver, he died from his wife's grandmother."

At a recent picture sale in London a painting entitled "Lafayette Signing the Independence of America," was sold for \$400. We used to know that Lafayette signed the Independence of America, but hanged if we'd ever thought of it again if it hadn't been for that picture. —Courier-Journal.

Yod may talk of your ragged edge of despair and all that till to-morrow, but what is it compared to the feelings of the vestryman who, after relieving himself of the tortures of a new boot by slipping it off during the services, finds himself unexpectedly called on to go around with the plate.

Grace Greenwood is doing England in a delightful way. Her "Notes" are sprightly and exceedingly enjoyable. She is very sweet on Dickens. She says: "He came here the first time to secure an illustration in the copyright law. We dined him, but we dined him. We were witted him, and he 'Christened' us."

The disarmament of Europe has begun, facetiously remarks the New York Herald. John II, sovereign prince of Lichtenstein, has set the noble example. In accordance with the advice of the five wise men who constitute the Parliament, he has dismissed his army, composed of ninety carabineers and a trumpeter.

The most astonishing instance of a man's regard for his word was recently given by a man who had killed his wife, whom he did not like. When asked why he didn't go off and leave her instead of killing her, he replied, jokingly, that he had promised on the wedding day to live with her until death should part them, and that he wasn't the man to break his word.

A Kansas clergyman paused in the midst of a sermon he was delivering a few weeks ago, and remarked, with a savage scowl upon his countenance and in a voice loud enough to be heard outside the church: "If the boy who flung that egg through the window will remain until the services are over, I'll show him what a Christian minister can do for the salvation of his soul."

"Pitch a lucky man into the Nile," says an Arabian proverb, "and he will come up with a bee in his mouth." In Chicago it is, "Pitch any kind of a man into the river, and he will come up with a dead cat in his mouth." —St. Louis Republic.

He would be very lucky if he came up at all. But Pitch a St. Louis man into the Mississippi, and he will get his first taste of water. —Inter-Ocean.

Wiltcraft is a miser.

In 1892, about the time of the Salem tragedy, Beelzebub, with a legion of evil spirits, was reported to be marching on

Gloucester. It was asserted that men were seen at various points in the neighborhood of the town, robbing the forests; they were repeatedly pursued, surrounded and fired upon, and occasionally fell as if hit, but started up again and fled into the bush, leaving no foot-print on the soil, and making no audible sound. These occurrences became so frequent and alarming as to shake the doughty souls of the Gloucesters, inasmuch that they kept constantly on the alert against the powers of darkness, peppering away at them occasionally with what seems to have been an ineffectual waste of powder and ball. But so real and universal was the panic that a reinforcement of sixty valiant men was actually sent from Ipswich to assist in the defense of the place against its imaginary foes. Finding the town too vigilantly guarded to be carried either by coup de main or siege, the Puritan exchequer brought off his forces in good order, and, calling up his reserves, made a combined, more insidious, and decisive attack on the Puritan settlements, which well-nigh succeeded at Salem. —G. W. Benjamin, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Says the Detroit Free Press: Thirty thousand dollars is the most sum reported as paid to Carruth, the New Jersey editor, for carrying a bullet in his head—and keep still about it. If his head had been like other people's heads he'd have kept still for far less money. That bullet was the first valuable thing that ever seems to have got lodged in his head. —N. Y. Mail